

1855

The Sailor Boy's Prayer

Charles Crozat Converse

T.W. Upshur

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Recommended Citation

Converse, Charles Crozat and Upshur, T.W., "The Sailor Boy's Prayer" (1855). *Historic Sheet Music Collection*. Paper 814.
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The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.

To Ossian E. Dodge Esq.

Reply to "The Ocean Burial."

THE

Sailor Boy's Prayer

OR

I WOULD DIE UPON THE SEA

WORDS BY

T. W. UPSHUR

Music by

CH. C. CONVERSE.

25¢ net

BOSTON Published by OLIVER DITSON 115 Washington St

C. C. CLAPP & CO.
Boston

J. E. GOULD.
Philad^a

D. A. TRUAX.
Cincinnati

H. D. HEWITT.
N. Orleans

S. T. GORDON.
N. York

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THE SAILOR BOY'S PRAYER.

C. C. CONVERSE.

Moderato con molto sentimento.

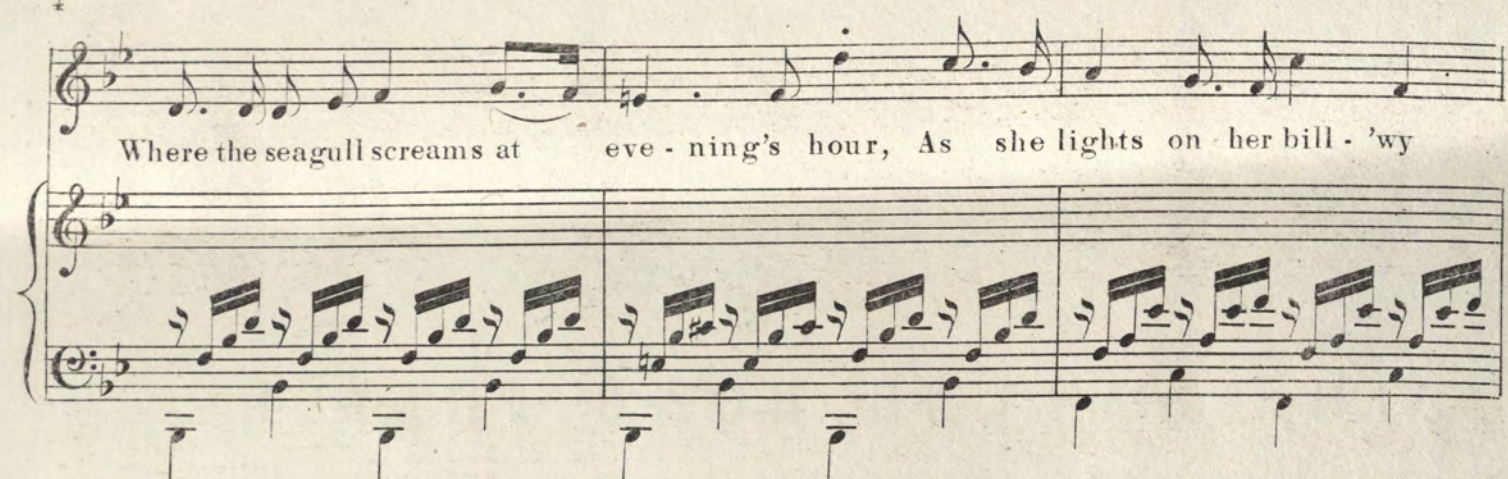
pp Both Pedals.

Lay me beneath the

bri - ny wave In a shroud of o - cean's foam;

7598

Where the seagull screams at eve - ning's hour, As she lights on her bill - 'wy




home. Make me a bed near the mer - maid's cave, Where she

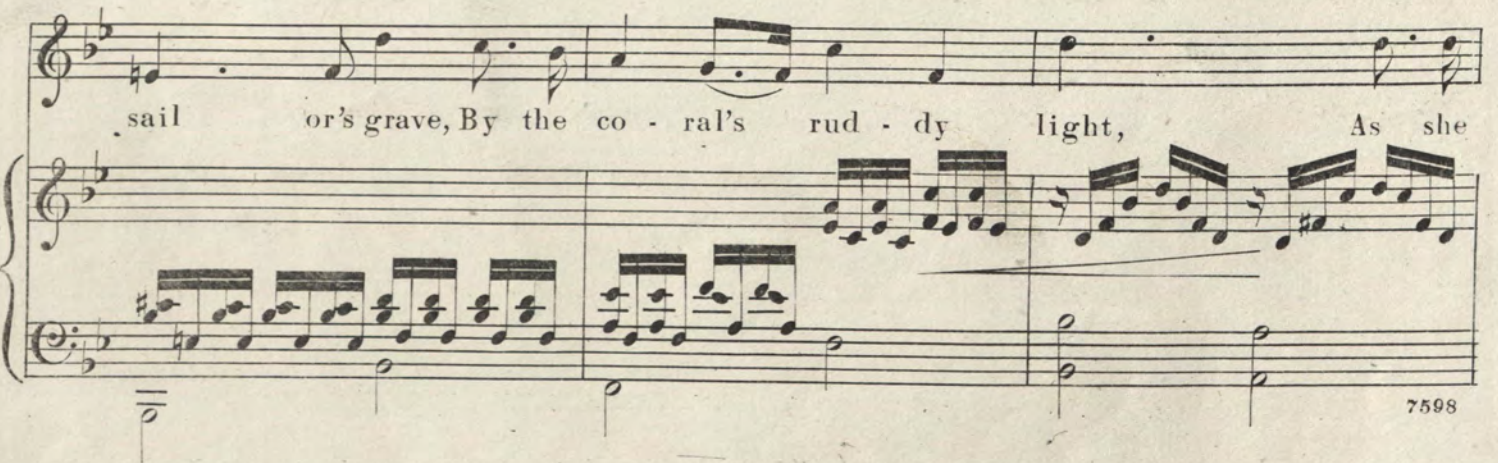
Delicato.



chants her psalms at night, As she counts her beads near the



sail or's grave, By the co - ral's rud - dy light, As she



5

Rall - - - en - - - tan -

counts her beads near the sail - or's grave, By the co - ral's rud - dy

Rall - - - en - - - tan -

do.

light.

8va.....

loco

pp

Both Pedals.

ppp

do.

2

Yes make me a bed 'neath the sparkling deep
Which oft I've wandered o'er
And dream'd, aye happy dreams in sleep,
Of loved ones on the shore;
Oh! make me a bed 'neath the ocean's foam,
My dreams have ceased to be;
No loved one lives to greet me home,
I would die upon the sea.

3

Then lay me 'neath the rolling surge,
Where the sea-gull screams at Eve.
Let old Ocean chant my funeral dirge,
My Tomb with his billows lave.
And let the Sailor orphan's head,
On its pearly pillow rest,
Till Gabriel summons the sleeping dead,
To the mansions of the blest.

